





*For Fraser Esq*

*A. H. H. in memory of his friend*

**THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC**

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28th January 1927.

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NEW

# National Songs

THE

MELODIES

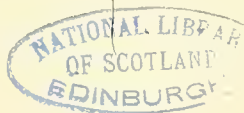
*Never before published.*



COMPOSED BY

PETER McLEOD.

*Ent. Sta. Hall.*



*Price 6/.*

EDINBURGH.

GEORGE CROALL, 27 HANOVER STREET.



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*These Melodies*  
ARE  
*Most Respectfully*  
*Dedicated*  
TO  
*Thomas Weir Esq.*  
BY HIS FRIEND  
**PETER M'LEOD.**



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## WAKEN YET THE HARP ONCE MORE.

*Written by H. S. Riddell.*

*Joyously.*

Wa - ken yet the

harp once more, Fond - ly touch each slumbring string, Let its

wild and na - tive lore, O'er the chords en - chantment fling.

Sing of stream and glen and hill, Where 'mong wildwoods

way - ing grand, Roam the sons of free - dom still...

Glo - ry - ing in their mountain land. Roam the sons of

*Ritard:* free - dom still, *Tempo,* Glo - ry - ing in their mountain land.



Sing of maiden leal and loved;  
 And, while she the heart can claim,  
 Let the song by her approved,  
 Shed its halo o'er her name.  
 Let the notes to nature true,  
 Melting from the trembling strings,  
 Tell how foes can ne'er subdue  
 Hearts to whom the Minstrel sings.

War may boast its mad'ning joy,  
 But no brow has ever found  
 Laurels time shall not destroy,  
 'Till the bard has bound them round.  
 Waken then the harp's wild lore;  
 Wreath of fame by Minstrel won  
 Shall depart and be no more  
 When the race of time is run.

## MARY MACNETT.

*Written by E. Connelly**Slow, with  
Expression.*

The last gleam o' sun-set in o-cean was sinkin', O'er

mountain an' meadow-land glin-tin' fare-weel, An' thousands o'

stars in the fir-mament blinkin' Glanc'd bright as the een o' sweet

Ma-ry Macneil. As glowin' wi' gladness she lean'd on her lover, Her

The first system of the musical score for 'Mary Macneil'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a quarter rest, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and moving lines.

een tell-in' sec-rets she thought to con-veal, An' slowly they

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a quarter note D5, followed by eighth notes C5, Bb4, and A4, then a quarter rest, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

wander'd, whaur nane might dis-cov-er The tryst o' young Ronald an'

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a quarter rest, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

Ma-ry Macneil.

The fourth system of the musical score, which serves as the ending. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a quarter rest, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, ending with a final chord.

O Ma-ry was pure as the op'-nin' li-ly, Whan dew-drops o'

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "O Ma-ry was pure as the op'-nin' li-ly, Whan dew-drops o'".

mornin' its splendours re-veal, Nae fresh tin-ted flow'ret that

This system contains the second line of the song. The musical notation continues from the first system. The lyrics are: "mornin' its splendours re-veal, Nae fresh tin-ted flow'ret that".

blooms in the val-ley Could ri-val the beau-ty o' Ma-ry Mac-

This system contains the third line of the song. The musical notation continues. The lyrics are: "blooms in the val-ley Could ri-val the beau-ty o' Ma-ry Mac-".

niel; She moved, an' the Gra-ces play'd sportive a-round her, She

This system contains the fourth line of the song. The musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "niel; She moved, an' the Gra-ces play'd sportive a-round her, She".

smiled, an' the heart o' the coldest wad thrill, She sang, an' the

Ma-vis cam list'nin' in wonder To claim a sweet sister in

Ma-ry Macneil.

But ae bitter blast on its fair promise blawin',  
 Frae Spring a' its beauty an' blossoms will steal;  
 An' ae sudden blight on the gentle heart fa'in',  
 Inflicts the deep wound naething earthly can heal.  
 The Simmer saw Ronald in gladness an' glory,  
 The Autumn, his corse on the far battle-fiel',  
 The Winter, left Mary in sickness an' sorrow,  
 An' Spring spread the green turf, o'er Mary Macneil.

## WAR SONG OF BRITAIN.

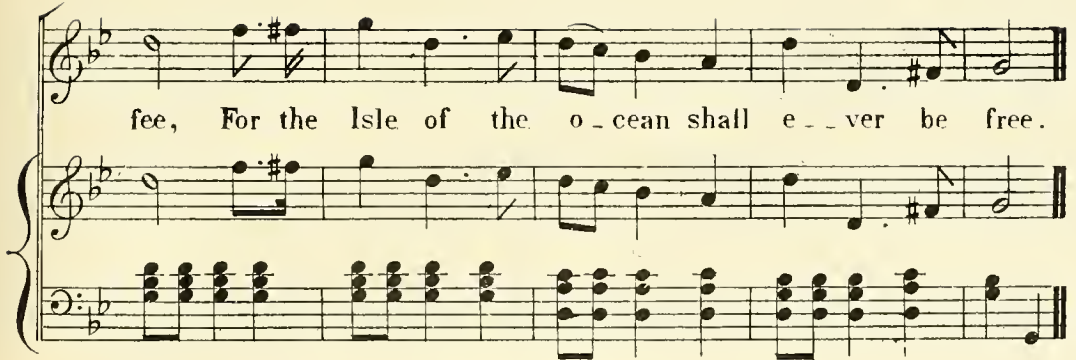
*Written by James Murray.*

*With Energy* *ff*

To your arms! to your

arms! let us up and a-way; The broad sun of free-dom shall

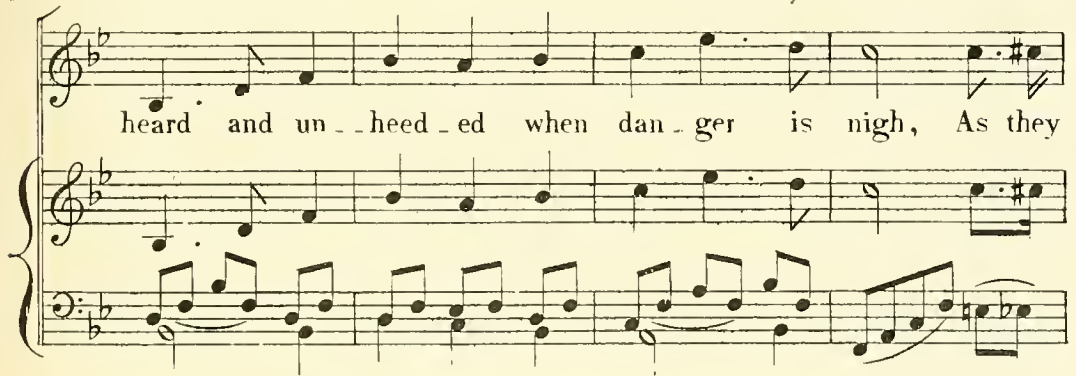
light us to day: We fight not for plun-der, be free-dom our



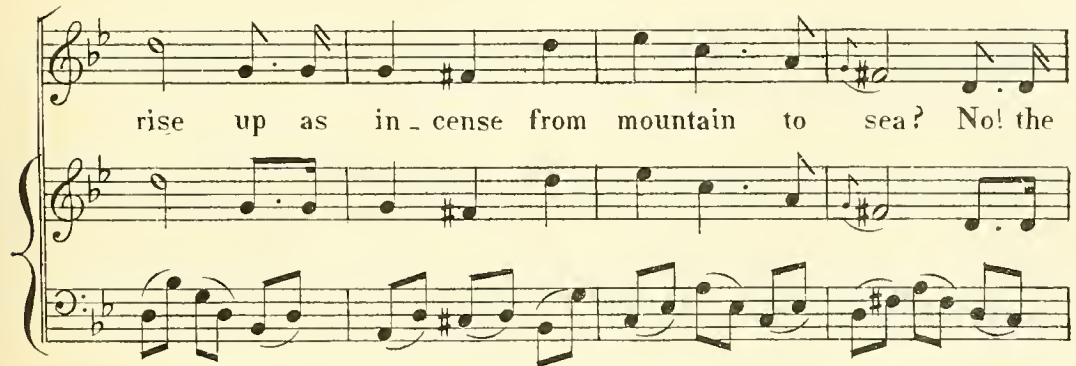
fee, For the Isle of the o - cean shall e - ver be free.



Shall the pray'r of the a - ged, shall beau - ty's warm sigh, Pass un-



heard and un - heed - ed when dan - ger is nigh, As they



rise up as in - cense from mountain to sea? No! the

Isle of the ocean shall e - ver be free!

CHORUS.

To your arms! to your arms! let us up and a - way; The

broad sun of free - dom shall light us to day: We

fight not for plun - der, be free - dom our fee, For the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "Isle of the ocean shall ever be free!". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody that mirrors the voice line, while the left hand plays a steady, rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Let us seek the proud foe and bear downward amain,  
 As the red stream of ruin descends on the plain;  
 In the storm of the battle our war cry shall be—  
 The Isle of the ocean shall ever be free!

To your arms! to your arms! &c.

And oh when the terror of strife dies away,  
 The voices we love all our toils shall repay;  
 And soft looks of rapture our guerdon shall be  
 In the Isle of the ocean the home of the free!

To your arms! to your arms! &c.

## A HIGHLAND WAIL.

*Translated from the Gaelic*

BY

D. Grant Macdonald

and Respectfully Inscribed to

MISS MACKENZIE

*of Applecross.**With  
Mournful  
Expression.*

peace or in war re - - turn no nev - er Mac.Crimmon's a -

way to re - - turn to us nev - er! The dark mountain mist has

wreath'd round Quillain; The Ban - shee has sung her dirge of

wail - ing; The mild blue eyes in the Dun\* are weeping, For

\* pronounced Doon.

thou art a - - way to re - - turn to us nev - er. Re - turn! re -

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

turn! re - - turn! no nev er! Mac - Crimmon's a - way to re -

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with quarter notes D5, E5, and F5, followed by a half note G5. The piano accompaniment maintains its harmonic support with chords and eighth-note patterns.

turn to us nev - er! In peace or in war re - - turn no

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line features a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic eighth-note bass line and chords.

nev - er! Mac - Crimmon's a - - way to re - turn to us nev - er!

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.



The breath of the vale is faintly blowing ;  
 Each river and stream is mournfully flowing ;  
 The birds on the boughs are perched in sorrow,  
 Since thou art away to return on no morrow .

Return! return! return, &c.

The dark ocean heaves with dismal wailing ;  
 The gally unmoor'd refuses sailing ;  
 The voice of the wave is heard in sadness,  
 Singing this wail in mournful madness .

Return! return! return, &c.

No more in the Dun, thy pibroch thrilling,  
 Is heard at eve loves fond heart filling;  
 Each maiden and swain is sad in sorrow,  
 Since thou art away to return on no morrow .

Return! return! return, &c.

The original Song is printed in MacKay's Collection of Highland Pibrochs, published at Edinburgh in 1838. According to tradition it was composed by a daughter of M<sup>c</sup>Leod of M<sup>c</sup>Leod of Dunvegan, on hearing of the death of M<sup>c</sup>Crummen, (or MacCrimmon) the family Piper, who was shot in a skirmish between a party of General Loudon's men and the servants of M<sup>c</sup>Intosh of Moyhall, a few nights before the battle of Culloden in 1746. The original melody is Gaelic, but in common with the major portion of Highland Airs consists only of one strain: the Author of these Melodies has added the second part in order to adapt it to the English translation.

## JACK'S TUNE GO.

*Written by James Ballantine.*

*With spirit.*

Who'll go with me, o - ver the sea, Breasting the billows

mer - ri - ly? With a light little ship, and a bright can of flip. What

heart but braves it chee-ri-ly! Winds may blow, high or low,

Steady, ready, merry, cheery, Jack's the go. Winds may blow,

high or low, Steady, ready, merry, cheery, Jack's the go.

The star of love, that

beams a - bove, Shines down all pure and ho - li - ly; We'll

brave the breeze, we'll sweep the seas, With bo - soms beat - ing

jo - li - ly: Winds may blow, high or low, Steady, ready,

*Ritard:*

merry, cheery, Jack's the go. Winds may blow, high or low,

*Tempo.*

Steady, ready, merry, cheery, Jack's the go.

Then, while we're a - float in our is - land boat, Let's

reef and steer her wa - - ri - ly; And should our foes dare

come to blows, We'll meet them taut and ya - - ri - ly

Winds may blow, high or low. Steady, ready,

merry, cheery, Jack's the go. Winds may blow,

*Ritard.* high or low, *Tempo.* Steady, ready, merry, cheery,

Jack's the go.

## O FOR THE THORN TREE.

*Written by James Murray.*

*With Tender Expression*

I watched the moon blink

ower the hill, And O she glen-tit bon-ni-lie! Then

met my lass when a' was still Be - low the spread - ing

thorn tree. O for the thorn tree! the

fair the spreading thorn tree! The flame o' love glows

bon - ni - lie be - low the spread - ing thorn tree.



The bloom o' youth beamed on her cheek,

And love was lowin' in her e'e;

And Cupids played at hide and seek

Around us at the thorn tree:

Oh for the thorn tree! the fair the spreading thorn tree!

The flame o' love glows bonnilie below the spreading thorn tree.

The wanton breeze, wi' downy wing,

Cam soofin' ower us canuillie;

And saft and sweet the burn did sing

When trottin by the thorn tree:

Oh for the thorn tree! the fresh the milkwhite thorn tree!

The flame o' love glows bonnilie below the spreading thorn tree

I clasped my lassie to my heart,

And vowed my love should lasting be,

And wished ilk ill might be my part

When I forgot the thorn tree:

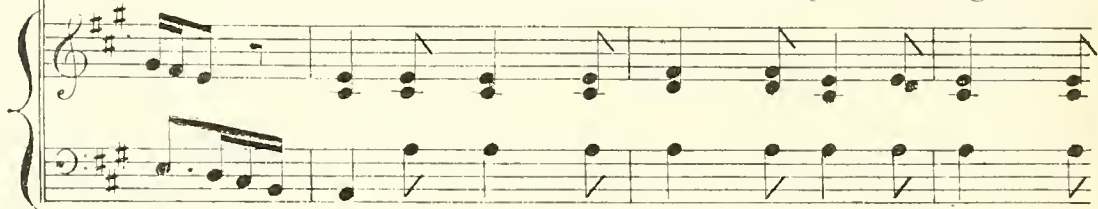
Oh for the thorn tree! the bonny bloomin' thorn tree!

I'll ever mind wi' blythsome glee my lassie and the thorn tree.

## THE BUCCLEUCH GATHERING.

*Written by George Allan.**With  
Emphatic  
Expression*

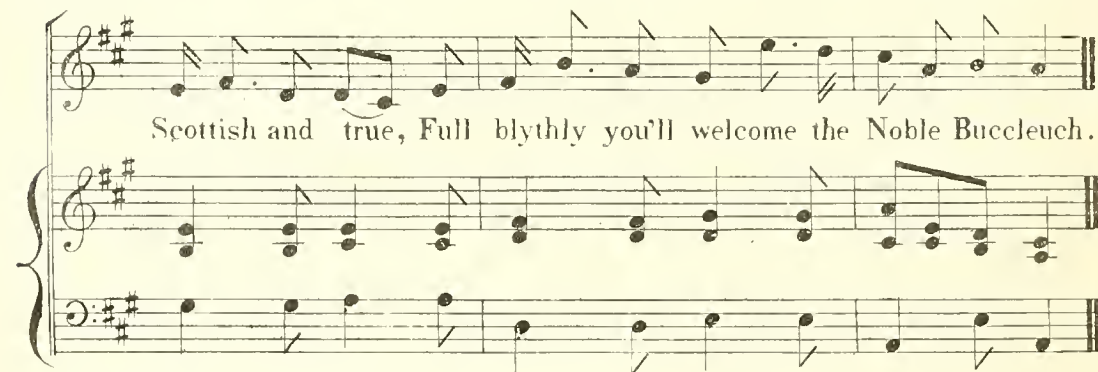
Gather in, gather in, from each mountain and glen, From Highland, from



Lowland, from steading and pen; If your hearts, as of yore, still be



Scottish and true, Full blythly you'll welcome the Noble Buccleuch.



Bold Yeomen of Louden come forth in ar-ray, Ev'ry SCOT owes you

thanks for the feast of to-day; For search, as we may, Britain's

broad a-cres through, Where find we a Laird like the Laird of Buccleuch.

Gather in, gather in, from each mountain and glen; From Highland from

Lowland from steading and pen; If your hearts, as of yore, still be

Scottish and true, Full blythly you'll welcome the Noble Buccleuch.

Ye brave Forest lads of the crook and the plaid,

Rally round, as your Sires did, when bound for the raid;  
 When beacon fires blazed and the war summons blew  
 "To boot and to saddle," with gallant Buccleuch!  
 Gather in, gather in, &c.

Nor you, ye brave tars, be the last to combine  
 To bid hail to the Lord of the net, drag, and line;  
 When the coble proves luckless, when troubles ensue,  
 Did you e'er lack a friend in the kindly Buccleuch?  
 Gather in, gather in, &c.

## WHAT AILS MY MINNIE AT WILLIE AN' ME.

*Written by James Ballantine.*

*Moderate  
With  
Feeling*

What ails my minnie at Willie an' me? How can my minnie wyte

Willie an' me? When nane but the wean and the wee butterflee Can

see the stown kiss o' my Willie an' me! My grandfather suns himsel'

on the door stane, An' dreams o' my grandmither lang dead an' gane; He

gazes on heav'n wi' his lustreless e'e, I'm sure they ance loed like my

Willie an' me. What ails my minnie at Willie an' me?

How can my minnie wyte Willie an' me? When nane but the wean an' the

wee butterflee Can see the siown kiss o' my Willie an' me.

*cres:*

I ken Willie's true, an' I feel he's my ain; He courts nae for gear, an' he

comes nae for gain; He leaves a' his flocks far out-owre on yon lea, What

true heart wad sin-der my Willie an' me. What ails my minnie at

Willie an' me? How can my minnie wyte Willie an' me? When nane but the

wean an' the wee butterflee Can see the stown kiss of my Willie an' me.

*p* *trios*

## THE PANG O' LOVE IS ILL TO DREE.

*Written by James Murray.*

*With Animation.*

The

pang o' love is ill to dree, Hech whow! the bid- ing o't; 'Twas

like to prove the death o' me, I strove sae lang at hid- ing o't. When

first I saw the wick-ed thing, I wist-na it meant ill to me; I

straik'd its bonny head and wing, And took the bratchet on my knee: I

kiss'd it ance, I kiss'd it twice, Sae kind was I in guiding o't; When,

whisk! it shot me in a trice, An' left me to the bid-ing o't. An'

hey me! how me! Hech whow the bid-ing o't! For

o - ny ill I've had to dree Was naething to the bid-ing o't.

The doctors ponder'd lang an' sair, To rid me o' the stanging o't; And

skee\_ly wives a year an' mair, They warstled hard at banging o't. But

doc\_tors drugs did fient a haet—Ilk wifie quat the guiding o't, They

turn'd and left me to my fate, Wir naething for't but biding o't. An'

hey... me! how me! Hech whow the biding o't! For

o--ny ill I've had to dree Was naething to the bid-ling o't

When friends had a' done what they dought,  
 Right sair bumbazed my state to see,  
 A bonny lass some comfort brought—  
 I'll mind her 'till the day I dee!  
 I tauld her a' my waefu' case,  
 An' how I'd stri'en at hiding o't;  
 An', blessings on her bonny face!  
 She saved me frae the biding o't.  
 An' hey me! how me!  
 Hech whow! the biding o't;  
 For a' the ills I've had to dree,  
 Were trifles to the biding o't.

## LET BARDS SING O' CHEEKS BLOOMING BRIGHT.

*Written by James Ballantine.*

*Playfully;  
but not  
too Quick.*

Let bards sing o' cheeks blooming bright wi' red roses, An' chaunt o' ripe

lips like the flow'rs wet wi' dew, But gie me my lassie wha's kind ee dis-

closes A bo-som that's kind an' a heart that is true: O kind eyes an'

fond hearts, blend sweetly together, The flame o' the heart, lights the love in the

ee; Like twin flow'rs ye'll no wede the tane frae the tither, The gether they

bloom, or the gether they dee.

When cares gather 'round me, baith darksome an' eerie,  
 An' love 'mid the storm sinkin' down seems to fa',  
 Ae kind speaking glance frae the ee o' my dearie  
 Frae life's lowering sky clears the dark clouds awa':  
 The eye is love's sun, and, though storms may it cover,  
 It bursts forth wi' glory in hopes smiling day;  
 An' what can cheer up the lone heart o' a lover  
 Like love shining bright in the eye's sparkling ray!

## OUR BRAW UNCLE WILLIE.

*Written by James Ballantine.*

*Humorous.  
With  
Expression.*

My auld un\_cle Willie cam

doun here frae Lunnon, An', wow! but he was a braw,

man; An' a' my puir cousins a\_ round him cam rinnin, Frae

mo - ny a lang - mile a - - wa . . , man . My un - cle was

rich, my un - cle was proud - He spak o' his gear, and he

bragg'd o' his gowd; An' what - e'er he hin - ted the puir bodies

vow'd They wad mak it their love an' their law, man.



He staid wi' them a' for a week, time about,  
 Feastin', an' fuddlin', an' a', man;  
 Till he fairly had riddled the puir bodies out,  
 An' they thocht he was ne'er gaun awa', man:  
 An' neither he was; he had naething to do;  
 He had made a' their fortunes and settled them too;  
 Though they ne'er saw a boddle, they had naething to say,  
 For they thocht they wad soon hae it a', man.

But when our braw uncle had stay'd here a year,  
 I trow but he wasna a sma' man —  
 Their tables cam down to their auld hamilt cheer,  
 An' he gat himself book'd to gae 'wa', man.  
 Yet e'er the coach started, the hale o' his kin  
 Cam to the coach-door, maistly chokin' him in;  
 An' they press'd on him presents o' a' they could fin',  
 An' he vow'd he had done for them a', man.

An' say had he too; for he never cam' back:  
 My sang! but he wasna a raw man,  
 To feast for a year without paying a plack  
 An' gang wi' sic presents awa', man.  
 An' aften he bragg'd how he cheated the greed  
 O' his grey gruppy kinsmen be-north o' the Tweed:  
 -An' the best o't, when auld uncle Willie was dead —  
 He left them just — naething ava, man.

## MY FIDDLE AND ME.

*Written by James Ballantine.*

*Moderate.  
With  
Feeling.*

O na - ture is bon - ny and blythsome to see,

Wi' the gowd on her brow, an' the light in her e'e; An'

sweet is her sum - mer - sang rol - lin' in glee, As it

thrills the heart strings o' my fid-dle an' me. When the

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in a single treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, also in one flat. The lyrics are "thrills the heart strings o' my fid-dle an' me. When the".

young mor-ning blinks through a-mang the black cluds; An' the

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "young mor-ning blinks through a-mang the black cluds; An' the". The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures in the right hand.

south-land breeze rustles out through the green woods The

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "south-land breeze rustles out through the green woods The". The piano accompaniment continues with flowing sixteenth-note patterns.

lark in the lift, and the merl on the tree, Baith

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "lark in the lift, and the merl on the tree, Baith". The piano accompaniment ends with a forte (*rf*) dynamic marking. The system concludes with a double bar line.



When amang the crisp heather upon the hill-side,  
 Mine ee fou o' rapture, my soul fou o' pride,  
 The wee heather lintie and wild hinny-bee  
 A' join in the strain wi' my fiddle an' me.  
 When daund'rin' at e'en down the dark dowie dells,  
 To cheer the wee gowans, an' charm the wee bells,  
 The sweet purling rill wimples down to the sea,  
 Dancing light to the notes o' my fiddle an' me.

At kirn or at weddin', at tryst or at fair,  
 There's nae heart-felt music unless we be there,  
 Wi' a spark in my heart an' a drap in my ee,  
 The vera floor louns to my fiddle an' me.  
 My fiddle's my life spring, my fiddle's my a',  
 She clings to me close when a' else are awa';  
 Time may force friends to part, he may wyle faes to gree,  
 Death only can part my auld fiddle an' me.

## THE BONNY BRAES OF SCOTLAND.

*Written by Robert Gilfillan.*

*With Spirit,  
and Feeling.*

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The music is in common time (C) and consists of 16 measures. The melody starts on G4, moves to A4, then B4, and continues with various intervals, including eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass line starts on G2, moves to A2, then B2, and continues with various intervals, including eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece ends with a final chord on G4 and A2.

O! the

bonnie braes o' Scot - land, My blessings on them a'; May

peace be found in il-ka cot, An' joy in il-ka ha': Whaur-

e'er a bield, how - ever laigh, By burn or brae ap - pears, Be

there the glad - some smile o' youth, And dig - ni - ty of

years.

O! the bonnie braes o' Scot - land, To my re-mem-brance

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part in the treble clef and a left-hand part in the bass clef, both in the same key signature. The right-hand part has a flowing, eighth-note pattern, while the left-hand part provides a simple harmonic foundation with quarter notes.

bring, The lang, lang simmer sun - ny day, When

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The musical notation follows the same format as the first system, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs.

life was in its spring; When, 'mang the wild flow'rs

The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The musical notation follows the same format as the previous systems, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs.

wan - dering, The happy hours went by; The

The fourth system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The musical notation follows the same format as the previous systems, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs.

future wak' ning no a fear, Nor yet the past a

sigh.

O! the bonnie braes o' Scotland,  
 That hame sae dear to me:  
 And, hame, it is a kindly word,  
 Whaure'er that hame may be.  
 My wearied thoughts I oft recall  
 To those once sunny days,  
 When youthfu' hearts together joy'd  
 'Mang Scotland's bonnie braes.

## THE MINSTRELS' FAREWELL.

*Written by James Ballantyne.**Slow  
with  
Feeling*

We part; yet ere we sigh farewell, We'll sing a parting lay, Tho' it

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'We part; yet ere we sigh farewell, We'll sing a parting lay, Tho' it'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

fall... like a sad'ning knell, In dy-ing tones a-way. Though

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a triplet of eighth notes in the phrase 'fall... like a sad'ning knell'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

youth's bright flame is wan-ing fast, One an-cient home-ly strain, In

The third system concludes the visible portion of the song. The vocal line ends with the lyrics 'youth's bright flame is wan-ing fast, One an-cient home-ly strain, In'. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support.

glowing light il-lumes the past, And we are young a-gain.

Old

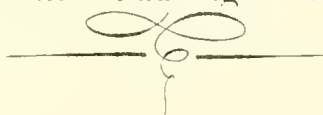
Ca-le-don, ma-jes-tic, bold, O'er-tops her mantling sky, And,

fired by tales of dar-ing told, She shouts her bat-tle cry. The

min-strel and the bard must raise On high the he-roes fame; Each

note that sounds the patriots praise, A-wakes a kindred flame.

Then sweep again the mountain lyre,  
 Raise! raise your voices high;  
 And fan more bright the sacred fire,  
 Which lights sweet freedom's sky  
 'Till meek eyed peace and blue eyed love  
 On earth together dwell;  
 Thus, when the earth is heaven above,  
 Oh! who would sigh farewell.



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